

Static Acts

Fates Warning

Air currents grind, monotony.
Image defined, static scene.
Adherents bent opinionless
following scent of commonness.

Fit the latest rage,
whatever stains the page.
Then fears allayed,
of lonely shade.

Wheels, they grind...industry.
Insipid finds, out of key.
Opinions bent toward standard waves,
bleaching out divergent shades.

Mock integrity.
Veiled hypocrisy.
Ironic finds,
when selves decried.

Ban expressiveness.
Bold repressiveness
dictated by minds closed tight
and walls that shut out light,
and so we have static acts.